

The 77<sup>th</sup> Engineer

Construction Battalion

1952

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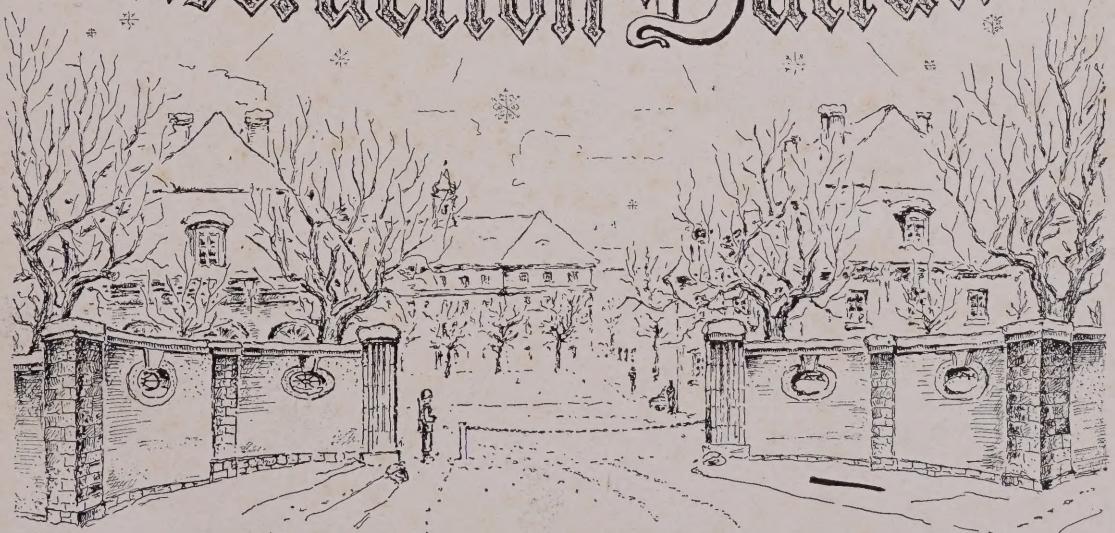




# The 77<sup>th</sup> Engineer



## Construction Battalion



Rheinland Kaserne Ettlingen Germany

1952

ALEX JELICH

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## DEDICATION:

To Lt. Col. Frederick R. Zitzer, who will be leaving us soon to return to the States. We are all proud to have had the opportunity to serve with a man who is truly; an Officer and a Gentleman.



# The Shield

Our shield first appeared on the 14th day of August 1925. It was at this time when the 341st Engineer Regiment received notification from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington, D. C., that it was to be the official Coat of Arms worn by that organization, and that the Motto of the shield was, „Loyalty and Service“.

In May of 1949, when the 77th Engineer Construction Battalion was formed, this Coat of Arms, as we now know it, was redesignated as the Unit's Shield.

The shield consists of the Engineer colors, which are red and white. The headquarters of this Unit was first constructed at Boston, Massachusetts, therefore the symbol of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was used, which is the pine tree. The tree is green and white, making it appear that the green tree is laden with snow. The lower half of the shield is symbolic of a snowy field.



# Our History

## A BRIEF HISTORY of the 77th

The 77th Engineer Construction Battalion

The battalion was originally activated on 29 July 1921 as a part of the 341st Engineer Regiment. In the beginning the unit was allotted to the Organized Reserves, but it was withdrawn in October 1933 and made a member of the Regular Army. Even after receiving the Regular Army status it wasn't until the 10th of March 1942 that the battalion was activated at Fort Ord, California and assigned to the 4th Army. Later, in August 1942, the unit was redesignated as part of the 341st Engineer General Service Regiment. While a member of this Regiment, the battalion participated in many phases of Engineer Construction in Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes-Alsace, Central Europe and in the Rhineland. For its splendid performance, the unit was awarded a meritorious unit streamer embroidered American Theater.

After the war the Regiment was inactivated at Fort Belvoir, Va. on 22 March 1946. Later the Regiment was redesignated as the 48th Engineer General Service Regiment. Then on 9 May 1949 the 1st Battalion became officially known as the 77th Engineer Construction Battalion. Shortly afterwards it was activated at Sendai, Honshu Japan. The Battalion remained a part of the 8th Army in Japan until it was deactivated on the 15th of March 1950 at Kisaragu, Honshu. Finally on the 5th of July 1950 the Battalion was reactivated at Mannheim-Kaefertal, Germany, under the command of Lt. Col John R. Sharp.



A FAREWELL MESSAGE  
FROM  
OUR GROUP COMMANDER



COLONEL  
JOHN R. SHARP

To the Officers and Men of the 77th Engineer Const. Bn.

In saying farewell to you at this time, I do so with a feeling of mingled regret and pleasure. Regret at leaving a fine organization, and many old friends; pleasure at returning home after three and one half years abroad.

You have rendered me as fine support as I could desire, both when I commanded you, and when I became your Group Commander. You have made an enviable name for yourselves, and have proven your ability to take on the tough jobs, and carry them through to completion. I hope you will continue in the same outstanding fashion.

My best wishes to you all, for continued success.

A cursive handwritten signature in black ink, reading "John R. Sharp".

Colonel C. E.

COMMANDING OFFICER

# HEADQUARTERS

77th Engineer Const BN.



LT. COL.  
FREDERICK R. ZITTER

EXECUTIVE OFFICER



MAJ.  
CHARLES P. FLYNN

ADJUTANT



1st. LT.  
ANDREW GAYDOS

SUPPLY OFFICER



1st. LT.  
DAVID C. BOSTWICK

OPERATIONS OFFICER



MAJ.  
JOHN W. CRABTREE

ASST. OPERATIONS



1st. LT.  
JOHN P. GILMAN

UTIL. MAINT OFFICER



WOJC.  
STANLEY MCKAIG

CONST. EQUIPMENT  
MAINT OFFICER



CAPT.  
FRED. WIECZARKOWSKI

COMMANDING OFFICER  
HQ-S COMPANY



CAPT.  
CHARLES A. LAPINSKI

FIRST SERGEANT  
HQ-S COMPANY



M/SGT.  
ORION V. THOMPSON



CAPT.  
EDDIE R. LOWELL



CAPT.  
JAMES K. RUPERT



CAPT.  
MARVIN H. LESTER

## WELCOME

We want to extend a warm welcome to Captains, Eddie R. Lowell, James K. Rupert, and Marvin H. Lester. Although not new to us, they have only recently been transferred to the 77th to fill the vacancies left by Lts John P. Gilman, David C. Bostwick, and Andrew Gaydos. Lt Gilman and Lt Bostwick are going to the States, while Lt Gaydos is to assist Capt Wieczarkowski in his duties as Equipment Maintenance Officer.

We hope the new officers like being here, as much as we like having them with us.



L.T. COL. FREDERICK R. ZITZER

As this book goes to press, we are preparing to bid "Bon Voyage" to our Battalion Commander, Col. Zitzer. We want to wish him lots of luck in his new assignment, and although we hate to see him go, he is no doubt happy at the thought of returning home, after a long tour over seas. We have no definite information at this time, as to who our new Commander will be, and we won't commit ourselves without the proper backing, so we can't very well, at this time, welcome the new "chef" of "Col. Zitzer's Const. Bn."



CAPT. GEORGE W. KEYES

One Saturday morning last December, Capt. Keyes followed the inspecting party around the billets, and said goodbye to each and every man. He had been given a transfer, and was about to take leave of his duties as company commander. It goes without saying that Capt. Keyes was well liked by all the men, and we are fortunate indeed to have Capt. Charles A. Lapinski, to take over for him.



The following twenty pages are dedicated to  
the Enlisted Men of our outfit. The backbone  
of the 77th — the pride of Rheinland Kaserne!?

# FIRST PLATOON

PLATOON SERGEANT



M/SGT.  
HARLEY D. BOLING

1st. SQUAD LEADER



M/SGT.  
JASPER J. CATALANA

2nd. SQUAD LEADER



SFC  
JAMES M. BARRETT

3rd. SQUAD LEADER



SFC  
CHARLIE G. SMYT

## FIRST SQUAD



SFC  
JESSIE L. MORGAN



SFC  
WALTER F. PETTY



SGT.  
RALPH P. JOURNEY



SGT.  
ROBERT E. BENNET



CPL.  
DONALD F. CORCORAN



CPL.  
ELLIOT BERELSON



CPL.  
EUGENE C. BABBINI



CPL.  
ROBERT L. HENDERSON



CPL.  
ROBERT W. WAVER



CPL.  
ALLISON A. MADDOX



CPL.  
EDWIN H. DROSE



CPL.  
PAUL W. ANDERSON



PFC.  
CHESTER H. FOLEY



PFC.  
RAYMOND M. LANGE



PFC.  
SAMUEL N. MOORE



CPL.  
ROBERT J. THORN



PFC.  
WILLIAM H. MURRAY



PFC.  
EDWARD P. HANER



PFC.  
PAUL CANO

## FIRST SQUAD



CPL.  
DUDLEY J. BENEFIEL



PVT.  
WILBUR ALLEN



PVT.  
ROBBY WESTERMAN



PVT.  
RALEIGH C. TURNER

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JAMES L. WILSON



SGT.  
EMERY E. BREUER



SGT.  
EDWARD C. YARRISH



CPL.  
CHARLES F. DEVEREAUX



CPL.  
DAVID H. VIPOND JR.



CPL.  
JOHN E. HYLAND



CPL.  
RICHARD M. FUJII



CPL.  
CHARLES R. ANGUS



PFC.  
FERNAND BILLOTTA



PFC.  
IRA A. WADDELL



PFC.  
WILLARD K. RUCH



PFC.  
WILLIAM J. HARRIS



PFC.  
DAVID C. LONG



PFC.  
JAMES E. BEVILL



PVT.  
ERNEST J. PYATT



PVT.  
WM. E. MAC KINNON



PVT.  
EDWARD L. LEIGH JR.

## THIRD SQUAD



SGT.  
RALPH L. SOOBY



SGT.  
JAMES P. McBRIDE



CPL.  
EARL A. COLLINS



CPL.  
RONALD A. COLVIN



CPL.  
CHARLES E. MOUTRAY



CPL.  
THOMAS P. WARREN JR.



CPL.  
JOHN J. HASSAY



CPL.  
ALEXANDER J. ILLICH



PFC.  
ROBERT M. ANDERSON



PFC.  
MELVIN GARFINKEL



PFC.  
ANTHONY S. PAGANO



PFC.  
LYNN K. NEWBOLD



PFC.  
GEORGE E. KRATZER



PFC.  
ROY E. DRAKE



PFC.  
FRANK D. TAYLOR

## FIRST PLATOON

# THIRD SQUAD



PFC.  
JOHN A. ROMANELLI



PVT.  
RONALD TUTTLE



PVT.  
EDWARD E. WATSON



PVT.  
CLARENCE THIEMAN



SFC  
JAMES H. McBRIDE

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R. R. 1  
Greenlake, Wisconsin

John R. Dalton  
R. D. No. 3  
Newport Tennessee

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SFC.  
ROBERT W. STOCKTON

1st. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
ISAAC LOVING JR.

2nd. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
ARLIN E. CARR

3rd. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
WILLIAM W. ROBERTS

## FIRST SQUAD



CPL.  
RICHARD F. PRYOR



CPL.  
LAWRENCE F. DRURY



CPL.  
HAROLD S. TURNER



CPL.  
JAMES F. BALL



CPL.  
LYNN E. RANDALL



CPL.  
MATTHEW H. CHOTT



PFC.  
ROB. F. HOLLINQSDALE



PFC.  
MANUEL CASTRO



PFC.  
SOREN G. GABRIELSON



PFC.  
IVAN C. HABECKER



PFC.  
JOHN B. CAMPOS



PFC.  
SALVATORE C. CORRAO



PVT.  
ALBERT A. LEON



PVT.  
ALFRED S. KOEHLER



PVT.  
LEONARD E. BENNETT

## SECOND SQUAD



SGT.  
JOHN P. JOHNSON



CPL.  
EDWARD S. BELMUDES



CPL.  
HAROLD G. EDWARDS



CPL.  
JOSEPH H. STASIECZKO



CPL.  
LIONEL A. PELETTIER



PFC.  
ROBERT W. KONARSKI



PFC.  
DALE F. SIVERLY



PFC.  
FRANK M. BRODERICK



PFC.  
FRANCIS F. FISHBURN



PVT.  
ANTHONY CUTILLI



PVT.  
JOHN M. DAHM



PFC.  
ROBERT W. HART

## THIRD SQUAD



CPL.  
KENNETH G. KING



CPL.  
LEO S. KILIJANSKI



CPL.  
WILLIAM E. PRYOR



PFC.  
STERLING T. HASLEM



PFC.  
FREDERICK E. SMITH



PFC.  
DANIEL C. ASTHEIMER



PFC.  
PAUL G. YOUST



PFC.  
DONALD E. LAMBERT



PVT.  
CHARLES P. POPP



PFC.  
EDWIN G. HARABURDA



PFC.  
JOSEPH S. PENC



PVT.  
JAMES S. SMITH JR.



PVT.  
VAN GUNDY



EDSON H. PECK JR.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Edson H. Peck Jr., on Dec. 21, 1951, while serving with our Airfield Construction Detachment near Heidelberg Germany. Although young in years, Pfc Peck had been considered by many as one of the older dependable, true veterans of this organization. His untimely passing leaves a void within the company, especially the heavy equipment section. It has been said that "no man is indispensable", and now we know that, all to well. Yes, he has been replaced, but he has not been forgotten. The entire battalion joins in sending it's heartfelt sympathy to Edson's parents; MR. and MRS. Edson H. Peck Sr. of North Reading, Massachusetts.

# THIRD PLATOON

PLATOON SERGEANT



SFC.  
THOMAS A. VERNON

1st. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
RICHARD G. THOMPSON

2nd. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
DORWIN F. HUMISTON

3rd. SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
FRED H. CARTER

## FIRST SQUAD



CPL.  
ROBERT L. WILLIAMS



CPL.  
JOHN W. GROSS



CPL.  
DEAN H. HICKS



CPL.  
JOSEPH C. GRZYWA



CPL.  
ELDON O. LIBBY



CPL.  
JOHN R. JARMAN



CPL.  
WILLIAM D. THOMAS



PFC.  
CHARLES H. ORÉ JR.



PVT.  
LESTER G. EASTER

## SECOND SQUAD



SFC  
JOHN A. SAVAGE



CPL.  
MORRIS R. GORELL



CPL.  
RALPH H. FEHRM



CPL.  
STANLEY H. SMITH



CPL.  
JOSEPH BEEUWSAERT



CPL.  
HUGH B. EASLER



SGT.  
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PFC.  
EDWARD J. GOSTEK



PFC.  
HERBERT J. CRESSOINE



PFC.  
BILLY J. DAVIS



PFC.  
JAMES C. FOSTER



PVT.  
CLARENCE WHEELER



PVT.  
NORMAN L. HUNT



PVT.  
LEWIS S. DOWD



PVT.  
WILLIAM J. ROSS



PVT.  
ROBERT E. LEE



PVT.  
RISPOLI

Class

## THIRD SQUAD



CPL.  
TED R. DEITZ



CPL.  
KENNETH A. HAIRE



CPL.  
JOHN J. ASHER



CPL.  
ETHRIDGE MOORE



CPL.  
LEROY BELZ



CPL.  
PATRICK H. ESTES



PFC.  
LLOYD G. WANDELL



CPL.  
CHARLES P. JOHNSTON



CPL.  
COY E. LANCASTER JR.



PFC.  
NILES R. GREEN



PFC.  
HAROLD HICKMAN



PFC.  
EDWARD F. CURRY



PVT.  
WILLIAM E. COURTER



PVT.  
JAMES N. McBROOM



PFC.  
HALBERT J. GIBBS

## THIRD PLATOON

# FOURTH PLATOON

PLATOON SERGEANT



M/SGT.  
THERON B. POST

1ST SQUAD LEADER



M/SGT.  
JOHN W. VAN HORN

2ND SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
VILAS W. ROGERS

3RD SQUAD LEADER



SGT.  
WILLIAM K. BORN

## FIRST SQUAD



CPL.  
IRA E. LAWENCE



CPL.  
SAM R. SHARPE



CPL.  
WILLIAM F. KOON



CPL.  
GEORGE OLIVER



CPL.  
JOSEPH E. McBURNETT



CPL.  
ROBERT F. CLEARY



PFC.  
JOHN R. DALTON



PFC.  
PAUL W. McDANIEL



PVT.  
ROBERT S. LEASKEY



PFC.  
DONALD M. PRICE



PVT.  
ALSAR L. GULETTE



PVT.  
SZYMASZEK

## SECOND SQUAD



SGT.  
WILLIE I. YOUNG



SGT.  
MIGUEL GUAJARDO



CPL.  
PETER G. PROW



CPL.  
FRANKLIN J. VARNEY



CPL.  
JOHNNIE H. SPENCER



CPL.  
MILo J. RAINey



PFC.  
CARLES E. QUIAMBOA



PFC.  
VIRGIL L. HILES



PFC.  
JOHN SUPPINGER



PFC.  
WILLIAM N. RASMUSSEN



PVT.  
CARL J. SNYDER



PVT.  
CARL D. HODGSON



PVT.  
ANTHONY W. WILLIAMS



PVT.  
DONALD E. BRAY



PVT.  
CHARLES E. SHEPARD

## FOURTH PLATOON

## THIRD SQUAD



SGT.  
HENRY G. MOMANY



CPL.  
BERNARD C. BROWN JR.



CPL.  
GROVER A. ROBINSON



CPL.  
THOMAS W. SHAYLER



CPL.  
EDWARD G. HAWLEY



CPL.  
ERWIN H. ROHL



PFC.  
EUGENE P. LANGLOIS



PFC.  
RICHARD E. SOMMERS



PFC.  
HARRY J. LEGLER



PFC.  
GARLAND D. NELSON



PFC.  
CLINE J. OSBORNE



PVT.  
RICHARD L. HAFNER



SFC.  
GEORGE JOHNSON



SGT.  
JACK FRANKLIN



SGT.  
FREEZE



SGT.  
GONZALEZ



SGT.  
ROZAR



CPL.  
PATMAN



CPL.  
STAPLETON



CPL.  
BEASLEY



CPL.  
BOND



PVT.  
SMITH



PVT.  
MOORE



PVT.  
JENSEN



CPL.  
BLOOD



CPL.  
MEGIVERN



CPL.  
WIMMER



PVT.  
WELLS

## "Auf Wiedersehen"

You all remember these men, who have been rotated to the States.  
To them we say, not good bye, simply — See you later.



## Here's Your Buddies Address, Lets Keep in Touch

Rene C. Daneault 51 Ferry St. Suncook New Hampshire	James C. Foster Route No. 1 Purlear, North Carolina
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Robert R. Dunauent Route 3 Johnson City, Tennessee	Gert W. Freund 2747 Gladstone Detroit 6, Michigan
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Coy E. Lancaster  
Farmers Exchange, Tennessee

Raymond H. Lange  
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Walter F. Petty  
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Charles P. Popp  
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# THE SLANDER-UR

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L.D. THORNTON CORRESPONDENT - R.L. SOOBY PUBLISHER -  
S.L. MOORE POLITICAL EDITOR - E.A. COLLINS MILITARY ADVISOR

Not a daily, not a weekly, not a monthly but a "Once In A Lifetime publication" edited by the company supply section. Known to few and doubted by many as "The Best In The West". As the cellar dwellers of the organization it is possible we may view the 77th from a different slant than our comrades in arms who lounge in the more tubercular atmosphere. The Slander-ur goes to press chiefly not to cast stones but to give credit to the meager few who have won our outstanding award emblem, the Supply Section "S".

We wonder, oh how we wonder, just what brand of shoe polish Pfc Frank Taylor uses. Anyone looking for that Saturday morning gleam might contact Pfc Taylor. He's known to us as the Shoe Shine Boy from the deep nawth!

After handling such enormous amounts of Quartermaster dry cleaning we also note with pleasure the sharp uniforms, which certain Joe's manage to have on hand at all times. One of the sharper soldiers gets the nod, yes, no other than Sgt Carr. Did you ever notice the sergeant on Saturday morning with a pass in his pocket, an Frankfurt in his mind, Humm? Running a close second is Pvt Synder after he is all decked out to escort Pvt Mc Broom over to Hensle or the Last Chance. Seems as though these two places of joy are the only one's which bring out Synders better points, what's the big attraction Mac?

Why did Youst, a robust 130 pounder, order a size 44 Ike jacket? The owner of the Slander-ur being the 14th kid in a 14 kid clan has a fair idea of how long it takes to "grow into things" and from all indications Youst must be expecting a big improvement over at Johnson's hash factory. Your not alone son, but aren't you aiming a little high, judging on past performances?

Many man hours have been spent down in this damp and dreary section trying to figure out where the "bugs" were in our basketball team. Some nights they were hot, some nights they were cold and some nights it was just the competition. (remember . . . 7741?) Anyway the softball season will soon be here and the 77th will field the best team with the best excuses in the Rhineland Kaserne. This argument will be settled at a later date at the Flynn-Thompson stadium providing the drainage system works as planned.

Many Moons ago we requested additional lights in the supply room, so faster efficient service could be had by the deserving personnel of this unit. Sfc Smyt has been doing a lot of talking, but as yet we haven't seen the light. The eyesight of the cellar dwellers is fading fast and for the benifit of the atheist's and infidels the age of miracles is over. (That the blind may see.) This situation is most troublesome, and if there are any magicians in the battalion we'll furnish the hat if you scare up the rabbit and lights.

"Gums" McKinnon has come up with the thought of the century. He is so proud to have thunk it up that he refuses to work, but mopes around all day mumbling about the great men throughout history who hailed from the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. After due consideration maybe "Gums" has something there, to solve the biggest supply headache since Pat Henry said gimme. All we need now is a couple of endorsements from Heidelberg and Washington and who knows, we may reinlist. First Gums says "Tear two pages outta tha Tee Oh und Eee, attach em' to a DD 95 (memo routing slip) and send her thru channuls to tha motor pool." These here two pages he adds is thuh heavy equipment and vehicles. They load up and transfer lock stock & barrel to Phillips barracks er' some other far away place. Trucks from the 43rd & 39th are right handy and in case of extreme emergency M/Sgt Post could always send over the ONE which isn't on deadline.

# TOOL SETS – CRANES – DOZERS – GEARS

## Headaches — Of — The — Engineers

In conclusion the Slander-ur will bring to it's readers a few of the lighter sides of life. Recently on a field problem, we won't name the cook who asked Pfc Moore if supply had brought out any Emmerson heaters for the kitchen, Moore politely told the man we did have a few Colman stoves but as yet didn't have a contract with the Emmerson Company. About a week later a driver comes swaggering into the supply room wanting a "Termite" can to take coffee to the rifle range. He could hardly believe it when we said "There ain't no termites around here." Well he adds, "Catalana says you guys have got termites." However the one which we couldn't answer wasn't long in cropping up, Joe Blow walks in and wants to trade off his three quarters, Sooby tactfully referred the man & shoes to the motor sergeant!

And so all good things must come to pass. Soon "Thank God" the editors of the Slander-ur will rotate to the United States. It has been a pleasure working for and with all of you. We hope to meet the old timers again back home and wish the best of luck to our replacements in HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE COMPANY, 77th ENGR CONSTR BN, APO 403, HEIDELBERG MILITARY POST.

## Basketball Review

BY: Henry T. Lisignoli

The 77th Engineer Red Raiders under the guiding hand of Capt G. W. Keyes began the season in fine style. Paced by the hard driving trio of Tom Shayler, Gene Babbini, and Corky Corcoran along with Harry Legler, Gab Gonzalez, and Mack Megivern, who worked the back boards, this years squad was a scrappy combination. Bob Bennett, Bert Konarski, Sam Moore, Mel Garfinkel, Sam Belmudes, Pat Estes and Dave Long rounded out the well balanced aggregation.

Although out scored in a few of their games the 77th boys were never out fought. There do or die spirit enabled them to emerge victorious in many of their close contests.

The 51—52 season appeared to be a successful one until the 17th Signal Generals came to Ettlingen. The boys from Smiley Barracks had too much height for our crew to cope with and this was the difference. During the season this outfit was the only one to sweep past the Red Raiders.

One game which neither the fans nor the players will soon forget was the thrilling 54 — 53 victory over the 334th. At halftime our men seemed doomed to go down to defeat. It appeared an upset was in the making. But Capt Keyes, whom the men had great confidence in, gave the squad a rousing pep talk and as they took the court after the intermission it seemed as if a new team was entering the game. All most at once they caught fire and with Tom Shaler, who scored 32 points, hitting from all angles they took command and turned certain defeat into victory. This was Capt Keyes final game as coach of the team. What could have been a more fitting way to bow out?

All in all the fast breaking Red Raiders won 20 games and lost 5. Not a sensational season but one we can all feel proud of. Next year many of the familiar faces will be gone but I am certain that we will come up with some new stars who will take the place of those departing.



CAPTAIN KEYES FIRES THE TEAM UP



WAITING FOR THE REBOUND



Standing: l. to r.: Meagher, Belmudes, Legler, Megivern, Bennett, Garfinkel, Long, Capt. Keyes. Kneeling: l. to r.: Estes, Konarski, Gonzalez, Shayler, Corcoran, Babbini, Moore.



FIRST : TEN TO GO



SAM GETS THE JUMP

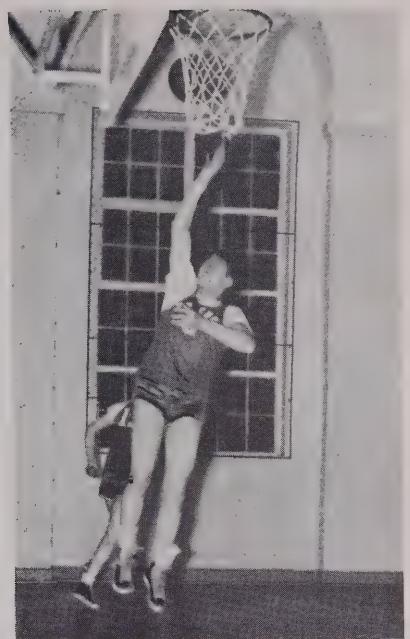


PAT

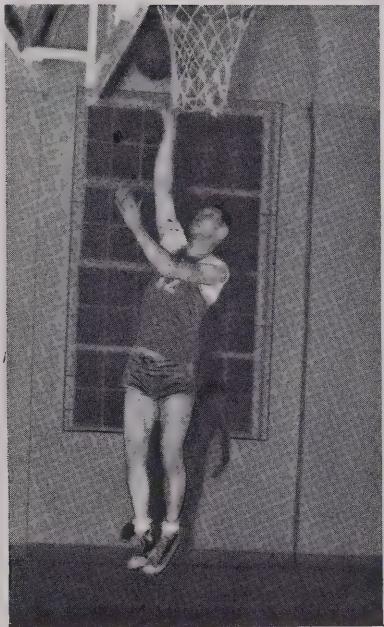
HITS FOR TWO



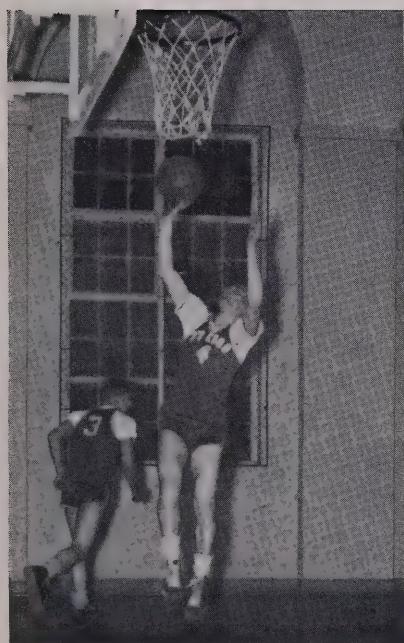
"DAVE"



"GABE"



"HARRY"



"GENE"



"MEL."



# Diamond Dope

BY: Henry T. Lisignoli-Pfc

One of the most talented teams in the history of the 77th Engineers began working out this spring under the capable coaching of Sgt Orion Thompson. During the early stages of the season this years softball nine appear to be one of the strongest in the Karlsruhe Area. To date they have compiled a record of 18 victories and only 3 defeats.

Having a line-up which is packed with power it seems they could go all the way. The infield which consists of Harry Legler 1st Base, Sam Moore 2nd Base, Tom Shayler Short-stop, and Gene Babbini 3rd Base, is an error-tight and heads-up combination. In the early pre-season games they have stood up well under fire. Shayler, Moore, and Legler form a fine double play combination and along with classy Gene Babbini, who captains the ball club, at 3rd, this rounds out a sharp infield.

In the pitching department we have Leo Kilijanski, George Kratzer and Benny Bennett. All three of these boys have been taking their turn on the mound. Both Kilijanski and Kratzer have looked very impressive. "Big" George had trouble finding the plate in the first few weeks of practice, but has hit his stride now. From here on in he will be tough to beat. Kilijanski has shown plenty of class and can be counted on to come through in the clutch. Leo has earned the name of "Fireman Kilijanski" because of his habit of stopping late inning rallies by the opposition.

The outfield of "Easy" Ed Curry in left, Corky Corcoran in center, and Dave Long in right is one of the finest defensive group of fly chasers in the league. Curry, Long, and Corcoran are all good hitters and fast on the base paths.

Behind the plate is "Sparkplug" Bert Konarski, ably backed up by Virgil Hiles, who can also be called on to pitch if necessary. Konarski and Hiles form a terrific one-two punch behind the plate. Both are good hitters and both of these boys have plenty of hustle.

To bolster the squad and give it additional strength there are infielders Frank Rispoli, Pat Estes, Lionel Peltier, and outfielders Gene Langlois and John Johnson. Wimpy Fishburn, number 3 backstopper gives the team needed protection in the catching department. Any of these boys are good ball players able to step in when called on.



"HARRY"



TOM TO SAM



Standing l. to r.: Fishburn, Kratzer, Rispoli Estes, Hiles, Coach Thompson. Sitting l. to r.: Moore, Bennett, Kilijanski, Babbini, Konarski, Johnson. Kneeling l. to r.: Curry, Romanelli, Legler, Shayler, Langlois, Pettier.



GENE & VIRGIL



BERT



BENNY & GENE



"JOHN"



"FROM THE PORT SIDE"  
Gene-Pat-Tom-Officers: l. to r.: Gayoos, Flynn, Lapinski, Lester



"FRANK, WIMP, PFI"



"EDDIE"



"TENSE MOMENT"



"GET UP OLD MAN"



SPRING TRAINING AT FLYNN-THOMPSON FIELD



"SLIDE KELLY SLIDE"



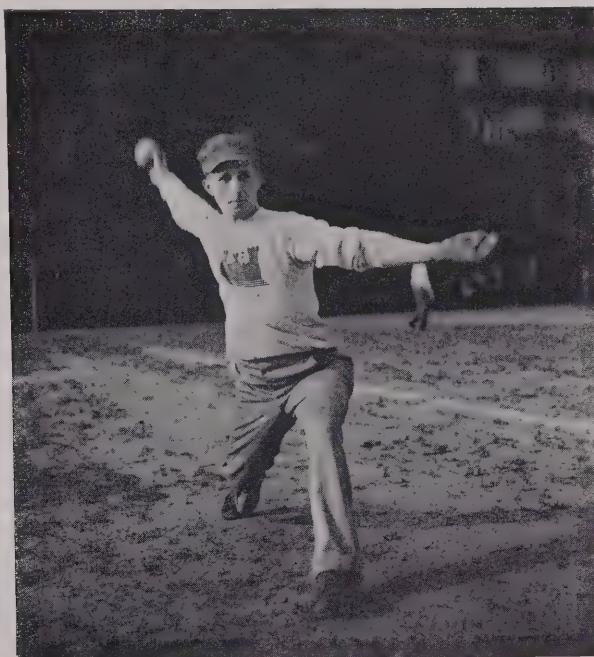
"ROUNDING THIRD"



COACH THOMPSON ON THE MOOND



TOM TEES OFF



KILLY BURNS ONE IN



BITING THE DUST



PULLING IN TO THIRD

# THE BIG TOP

Editor in Chief — Capt. Charles A. Lapinski — Gossip Reporter — Cpl. Ronald Colvin  
Type Setter — Cpl. Charles Moutray — Publisher — M/Stg. Orion V. Thompson

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This is a Guaranteed Genuine, First Edition (and probably last)

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## EXERCISE LONG JOHNS

A few weeks ago, the fighting 77th moved out to the tall grass and uncut timber. This was a field problem which will long be remembered by the vast majority who just couldn't find an excuse for not being there. The problem itself was more or less normal, the less normal being, that of the 200 men present, not a single "klein hund" tent was pitched. However the EMs ingenuity must have been approved as we did not see Maj. Flynn around asking those impossible, unanswerable questions. It might be noted that someone in the officers tent (complete w/electric lights, radio, cots, and stove that worked) knew that a move was anticipated approximately four hours after moving into position. Anyway we didn't get caught with our tents down. While sitting around a select circle, we overheard Sfc Petty tell M/Sgt. Boling; "after a few enlistments the old canteen is beginning to take a shine." "Yeah", says Boling, "Still remember my first gig in the army, had buffalo manure on my boots!"

Seems as though some ten 1st three graders were stumped by the mysteries of a stove, tent, M-1941. Sgt. Sooby was there enjoying himself and remaining quiet, as the elite supply section had the necessary manuals for attaching what, where. By the way Van Horn, you dont have to remodel the stove, just drop around to company supply, and Pfc Moore will be glad to enlighten you.

Did everyone know that, in the last position, the entire company was captured by Capt. Eddie R. Lowell's LSC boys? Can't think of a better guy to be a prisoner of. In case you ever hear a rumble in the south end of the billets, don't run for your raincoats, it's probably just Capt. E "Our" Lowell and H. Smith, orienting the Polocks, Rooskies, Shanty Irish, and whatever they have down there in the 7970.

All in all, the field problem was a success, at least that was the impression of an unofficial observer, Col. Zitzers son, Tommy. He says they do it a little different though in Troop C.

## AROUND and ABOUT ABOVE and BELOW

### THE BIG TOP

#### "Fowl" Play

Not long ago the "Big Top" had to brief a couple of FFA's (Future Farmers of America), that chickens were not authorized government quarters. Two bright Rhode Island Reds strolled into the Grand Hotel, room 226. There might be a few chickens around Ettlingen who follow Hunt and Seybold, but we doubt if they have wings! What is it, a rooster crows and a crow roosts, or a crow crows and a rooster roosts? Drop around to the Grand Hotel, they can give you all the information.

### **The Nite Freeze Froze**

Was over to the Last Chance last week, and chanced to pick up a German version of a newspaper, Lo and behold, there was the 77th in the news again. "Four American Soldiers Take Deep Dive" it said, and went on to add that while guzzling Billy Goat beer at a local gasthaus, the men became warm and decided to take a dip in a stream which was conveniently provided just outside the window. Much to their surprise, the water was just right, so they gave a repeat performance. Now it takes all kinds to make an army, b u t, why do we get em' all? The 39th must have had something different in mind, when culling out the possibles for the 77th. Were but Herr Twain alive, we're sure he'd smile with satisfaction at the number of Huck Finn's in one outfit. At any rate, rumor has it that a club known as "The Polar Bears" has been formed, and at this writing has four members; Van Horn, Freeze, Burns, and Estes. Memberships are open, and remember boys, warm weather is just around the corner!

### **Repent**

If you find it impossible to go to church on Sunday, do the next best thing and visit the orderly room on "Montag" morning. Here you will find the reformers, tee totalers, and future missionaries. The line forms to the right, and come early, as there is no bucking to get in to see the "Ole Man" fustest with the mostest.

### **RHIP**

As spring rolls around, the more industrious turn thier hearts to the field and stream. Rumor has it that the heavy equipment chief, accompanied by the personnel chief, and their "caddy", located an extra special fishing pond. Must have been a lot of anticipation before casting the reel into a German fish hatchery! The soldiers best friend (The Military Police) showed up in time to explain that some things are not allowed — not even in Germany. Don't misunderstand us, these men are real sportsmen, they were casting while a terrific gail was blowing. Wonder what happened to those DR's Hmmmmmmmmmmmm? Rank helps . . . . . . . . !

### **Everything Normal**

One for the books department; Capt. Lapinski, our CO, and an O. R. C. at that, volunteers to stay in the army and assist the cause a while longer. While M/Sgt Thompson an RA, wants to rotate to the states, and assist from a civilian capacity. HST however, had a different plan; the men who want to stay in Europe can't, and the one's who want to stay in the states can't. So, by the usual policy, the bulk of the troops remain confused an unhappy, much to satisfaction of some policy setter.

### **Scars and Jars**

Just saw another bright new red spot on Lt. Gilman's chevy. Careful where you walk men, he has the "spotted terror" on the prowl again. More darn dents on those fenders than Jessie and Frank had notches in thier pistol butts.

### **Sick Lame and All Fouled Up**

Our hearts go out to Lt. Gaydos. It seems that the speedy little ball player banged into one of the foul posts, while chasing a fly ball. (Better check that boy's eyes too). Also our heartfelt sympathies to "Bifocals" Colvin, who decided to try his luck at the hazardous sport of skiing. A fast gial blew his glasses off, and guess what he landed on. Yup! His knees. Stay off your knees boys, plaster of paris is going up!

### Ruble's Little Gems

We really feel sorry for that large family of Sgt. Ruble's. Seems as if those kids have had everything from athletes foot to the seven year itch, and each ailment calling for at least a three day pass. Sgt. Rube is going home soon, and if anyone wants to take up where he left off, let us give you some advice. The 77th is authorized 232 enlisted men, hence 464 Grandmothers. Don't let em' die more than once, or they'll accuse us of being three timed.

### Classified Information

Have you followed the latest in the news? If so you will undoubtedly notice that much secrecy shrouds the H-Bomb, and Catalanas rifle range. If the weather holds, the sergeant may finish the job in time to test the big one, that is if he quits storing gasoline in the const. shack. From what little information sifts back to the company, it seems everyone knows whats going on out there but the sergeant himself. We'll have to enter him for the supply section S, as he admits he not only does'nt know the score, he does'nt even know who's playing. Speaking of playing, have you noticed the new ball field on your last trip to the PX? It's rumored that the construction foreman, the "Big Top", is plagued with the same trouble as Catalana. The most recent question was; where does the sun come up, and where will it be at such and such an hour. We presume this has something to do with the infield. This reporter went to the only man in the organization who gives direct, sensible, answers. Fred Carter says, that in Nawth Carolina, the sun come up in the east, and although Ettlingen is a right piece further east than Nawth Carolina, he reckoned it'd still come up in the East. Anywhoo, don't be one bit surprised when the diamond is finished, to find Maggies drawers waving in center field, and Catalana sitting on third base.

### Big Game Hunters

Tragedy was narrowly averted in the streets of Ettlingen recently. The principals of the drama were "The Big Three", Haner, Cano, and Ligas, and a vicious bird of prey.

But let's get the story in Haner's own words. "Last Tues, we wuz, coming back to camp from the "Two Girl", when this here Owl, it must have been at least two feet tall, swoops down on us from one of the trees. He slapped me in the eye wit his wing, and is just about to go after Cano, when Ligas, cool as usual, whips out his boy scout knife and stabs the beast through the heart."

. . . . . Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

### — FLASH —

What closely knit group of G. I.s recently acquired a feathered friend? It has been rumored that this apparition is stuffed, but I'm sure my source of information must have wrong there, or else how did the tall one of this group get that black eye, and the short one, a badly damaged nose? Must have been quite a battle to capture their elusive quarry. If you wish to know full details of this exciting capture, you might go up to room 203 and inquire of the captors. You might even get to see their feathered friend, which looks amazingly like a huge horned OWL!

### Call the Cowboys!

We hear there's a Cigar Store Indian that's been terrorizing our boys up in Heidelberg. Maybe we should send a rescue squad up there.

### Heads Up!

Achtung you chow hounds! We have a new Mess Sergeant, in case you haven't heard. He's SFC James H. McBride, and he hails from Belton, Texas. Treat him right boys, I think we can expect great things from him. — Okay Sarge, the rest is up to you.

### **Up In the Air**

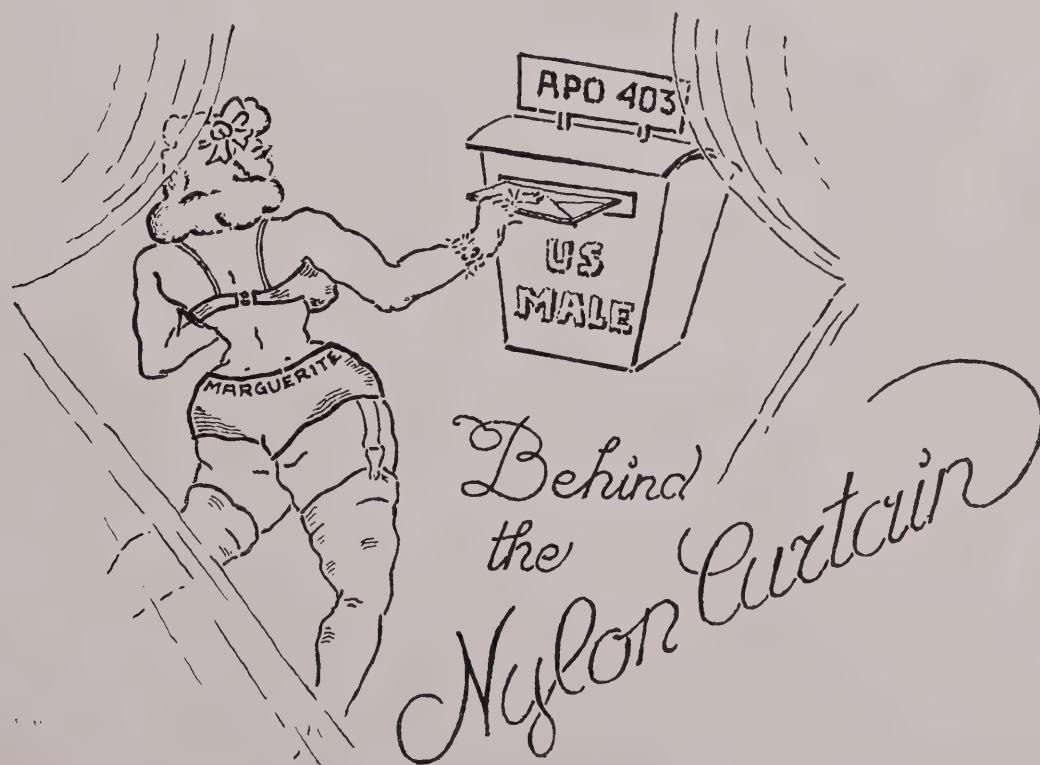
The supply chief, Barrett, is leaving soon to climb Europe's highest mountain, the Matterhorn. If successful he will return to supervise the greasing of the local flag pole. While he's away, it will be Sooby's duty to keep the Superior Command and I. G. inspection signs prominently displayed in the supply room. If the Command Inspector in April, de-rates the section, Capt. Lapinski threatens to transfer the best supply personnel in EUCOM to the motor pool. That includes Gums "the thing" McKinnon. Might be a pleasant surprise to report to the supply room some day and find new faces and equipment.

### **Question of Time**

If you attended the Vic Damone stage show recently, you no doubt saw our photographer down in front, making with the camera. You also probably noticed the beautiful blonde, who was called out of the audience to have a song sung to her by the Damone. Well, the next morning she appeared at the gate (complete w/a girl friend and a late model Plymouth) wanting to know, where she could find the photographer who took the pictures last night? She found him, but has been returning steadily since then. Your reporter doesn't lay any claim to a knowledge of photography, but, Cpl. Henderson — how long does it take to finish a picture?

### **In Closing**

In the not too distant future, the World War II hangovers will return to the U.S. to view their first TV. In the most part, they have set an enviable record while in the European Command. They had a job to do, and those who enter Rhineland Kaserne can tell at a glance that they did it well. Yes, the old timers are fading out, but they will not fade away. They will continue to serve the greatest Army in the world, The United States Army. At present, and in the past, the 77th has received much publicity, some of which is better left unsaid. However, to a man, we are all proud to have served with Col. Zitzer's Construction Battalion, an outfit which was, and is — — — ALIVE!



# THE MEETING

by

IGNATIUS SCHUMACHER

It was a cold and dreary day,  
The men were gathered round about;  
When up strode a man of visage mean,  
And in a loud voice he did shout.

"I demand to see the wheel,  
I have many things to discuss;  
When I am through there'll be a change,  
So jump good man, don't delay this fuss."

A young recruit, fresh from the sod,  
Immediately arose to do his bidding.  
Returned before long with the aforesaid wheel,  
Who himself was a mean man, no kidding.

The bold one was the first to speak,  
But the words he spoke he uttered to soon.  
For the man addressed, (the aforesaid wheel)  
Was none other than Fearless Captain Moon.

With a sneer on his lips and gimlet eye,  
Without a wasted word, he showed his powers.  
"1st Sergeant", he said, "here's a man for you,  
I gave him seven days, and thirty hours.

But the bold one was not distressed as yet.  
He was very, yes very new you see.  
How could he know that the man before him,  
Was then as he is now, a mystery.

"I demand my rights as a human being,  
An explanation I think is my due."  
He got no further for Captain Moon did say,  
"My man, I do your thinking for you."

The man again seemed about to speak,  
But thought it better to desist;  
For he had met his match in Captain Moon,  
And turned about at the word dismissed.

Once so brave a man, so independent,  
Now a broken thing, a sad sight to behold.  
How long would he last only time could tell,  
But that's why this story is being told.

From bad to worse this man did go,  
But never could he quite forget;  
How he had spoken to soon and much to freely,  
To a man, a better man, whom he had just met.

Yes, down he went, down as had fated,  
From Company punishment on that first date;  
To Summary, Special Court and Summary again,  
And ended a sad, forlorn, a discharged 3 6 8.

# ETTLINGEN IN BADEN

## A Historic Essay

by Cpl. Alexander J. Illich

Just a few hundred yards from the main gate of the Rheinland Kaserne, where the deep valley of the little Alb River enters into the wide plain of the Rhine, there is an old town. It looks very small and in a few minutes walk through its narrow streets, flanked mostly by low buildings, you reach the open on the other side. We have all seen those parts when we marched to the bivouac area or drove to the rifle range. You'll remember the few factory buildings, then the "match box" row houses and the kartoffel fields and, behind the swampy grazing areas, the extended pine forests broken up only by a few muddy fields.

But an evening stroll more likely took you in the opposite direction; up through the vineyards of the steep hillside and into the softwood forests. Then you came back to relax at the "Vogelsang" and look through those beautiful wide windows upon the town with its church steeples and many high gabled houses and the intricate mosaic of the surrounding fields, while the air of the hall was filled with strange sounding talk and music of your new neighbors. You might have started to wonder how long people have lived here, what they did and how they managed to live.

The Rhine valley in front of you is a segment dropped out of the raised mountain block of paleozoic rock, which was formed mostly in the devonian period (351,000 to 365,000 years ago) by underwater deposition of eroded particles from older igneous rock and appears as a dark red sandstone. The bed of the Rhine was approximately the middle of this valley, while the rivers bringing the waters out of the Black Forest used to flow north along the eastern edge of this "graben". Only after many deposits had been accumulated on their banks (like the high grounds of the Kaserne) did those rivers find their way to the Rhine. But the rivers left a sign of their old bed in the swampy depressions west and northwest of Ettlingen where underground waters stagnate, unable to break through the clay shoulders of the Rhine.

While it has been established by findings of stone and bone tools that the area was used for hunting and fishing in much earlier centuries, there is definite proof of settlements in the Bronze Age 1800 BC — 800 BC). Arms, farm tools and jewelry have been found in graves; that gives us occasion for imagining their lives, though somewhat different than ours, were still filled with the same activities; warring, farming, hunting and manufacture of goods to beautify their women.

The Keltic settlers (800 BC — 100 AD) left samples of their earthenware behind and a drink called "Met", a sweet, honeylike, fermented liquid. They also left a sample of their language in the names of villages and rivers. The small stream that runs through Ettlingen was named by them, and is still called, the Alb (mountain river).

During the first century AD the Romans incorporated the southwestern part of Germany into their Empire as "agri decumates" (fields of which a tenth is taken away). The officials of the county of Aquenser, with its capital in Baden-Baden, (still today famous for its springs) were quite wealthy and Ettlingen assumed a major role because of its position at the intersection of two roads of both commercial and military importance. One followed the course of the Rhine valley and the other crossed at right angles to it. Excavations have uncovered fortified walls, baths, statues and inscriptions in the central part of Ettlingen and the foundations of some rustic houses and farms about every 200

yards along these roads. It was also traditional to place tombstones and altars along the traffic routes and some of these have been found.

The Allemans, a German tribe, who routed the Romans in 260 AD did not use the buildings of their enemies. In 500 AD Merovingers, a Frankish people, reused the ruins they found in reconstructing the town. They called the town Ediningom in a document dated 788 AD. In 936 its market rights were given to the imperial monastery of Weissenburg. They also gave the name to the Church of St. Martin, though its earliest remaining elevation walls in the heavy choir tower are of the 12th century. At that time the town was booming through local craftsmanship and commerce. In 1227 it was given the imperial rights to be a free city, by which self government was confirmed. In 1234 the township was by territorial exchange given to the Markgraf of Baden and soon afterwards lost its freedom and was reduced to bondage. Strong walls were again built around the town and a high tower overlooked the countryside. The church was twice enlarged in Gothic style. But the citizenry continued to remain stubborn in their fight for freedom and the Reformation saw most of the townspeople on the side of Martin Luther. The ruling family showed far less stability during this period: during the one hundred years following the Reformation they changed their religious beliefs not less than eight times. The Jesuits, brought here in 1663 by the governing family of Baden, returned about 75% to the Catholic faith.

Notwithstanding all these changes, handicraft and trade developed and organized quickly. First to form a union were the blacksmiths in 1441 and carriage drivers in 1447. Later, those producing articles of personal ware, tailors in 1548 and shoemakers in 1609, were unionized.

Manufacturing had an early start and importance too, the Alb furnished the source of power and flourishing trade prepared the market. The first paper mill was working in 1461 and sent its excellent watermarked sheets throughout Germany. Important and valuable documents were printed here shortly after the invention of the printing press. Here too, Franz Buehl was the first to make practical experiments in reusing printed matter for the making of new paper. Equally important since the Middle Ages were the spinning mills, which wove the locally available wool, flax, and hemp into fabrics of use.

From the buildings of the time little is left except some fountain pieces, as the end of the 17th century brought unquietness, deprivation and finally war to the town.

With the growing of the strength of the national states of Europe, the fight for the contended provinces flared up once again. For five years troops of German states were stationed in town. In 1678 the region was conquered by the French. The worst did not happen until the 15th of August, 1689 when the hordes of the French general Duras set fire to the entire town. When the flames were gone only a few buildings were left standing; out of several thousand persons, 69 survived. Eight years later the Germans liberated the town and linked its name with a military construction that was unique for that time. The "Ettlingen Line", the first European defense line consisting of a continuous trench, started at the Rhine south of Karlsruhe and passed in a slight outward curve south of Ettlingen near the rifle range. It then continued into the foothills of the Black Forest. Parts of the trench can still be seen near Ettlingen. When the Austrian Habsburgers and the French Monarchy were fighting from 1701 to 1714, contending the inheritance of the Spanish throne, the armies fought along this line for several years, until the French flanked the line and entered into southern Germany. Thirty years later, contending the Polish inheritance, both parties were in the same field again. This time the French staged a mock attack in the lowlands, while some native scouts guided the main army to an unaware mountain outpost. They broke the defense line and forced the Austrian Prince Eugene to retreat, but before a decisive battle took place, a compromise was negotiated which gave Poland to the Austrians and the german province of Lothringen to France.

In 1715 a new residence of the Markgraf Karl Friedrich of Baden-Durlach, called Karlsruhe, was built in the woods near the Rhine, and soon attracted large sections of the court. But Ettlingen remained in ruins for a long time. In 1727 the castle and St. Martin's Church was rebuilt by the Markgraein Francisca Sybilla Augusta, who ruled Baden-Rastatt. She resigned in favor of her son and brought her residence to Ettlingen. A women of very eager religeous zeal, she was convinced by her advisors to spend her energies and money for the welfare of the poor and the glory of the church rather than for personal religeous practices. When the town church was finished in Baroque style to the state we find it today, she ordered a large chapel to be incorporated into the castle. One of the most eminent painters, the Bavarian Cosmas Damian Asam, was called to decorate the walls in memory of St. Johannes Nepomuk, who had been elevated to the honors af the altar. Nepomuk, a priest of the Dom chapter of Prague, had been thrown into the Moldau River by emissaries of a Bohemian king for refusing to reveal information received during confession. Sybilla, a native of Bohemia, encouraged the habit of placing the Saint's figure near or on bridges and we can see them today in the entire region. A garden was planted around the castle, while two Italian artists decorated the ceilings of the rooms and corridors with exquisite stuccoes. In 1770 a continuous, straight highway was built to Rastatt, 13 miles to the south.

The township was revived and after hard disputes regained several local liberties. In 1780 it was freed from bondage. With the construction of industrial plants manufacturing and processing paper, fabrics, gunpowder and tobacco the population grew rapidly at the beginning of the 19th century (2,105 in 1800 to 5,185 in 1850) and extended across the old walls. New social classes were formed and fought bitterly for the recognition of their rights as well as democratic liberties and republican unity of all Germany. In 1840 the owner of the "Gasthaus Sonne" became one of their exponents and a city leader. At the Westdeutsche Democatenkongress in Ettlingen in 1848 all freedom loving men of the Athletic Association, the Fireman and the Civil Defense Organization united against the state government, but the reactionaries of Karlsruhe helped by the Prussian army suppressed the population.

In 1870 the army of the united German Empire established an NCO school in the castle. For economic reasons, the businessmen of Ettlingen, desiring a larger military outfit to be stationed near the town and purchase their supplies therein, offered to pay part of the cost of constructing a new kaserne. This was started on the high, dry grounds north of the city; the two large buildlings (77th and Labor Service billets) finished in late 1914, were immediately used as hospitals. When Germany was demilitarized, the Hindenburg Realgymnasium (High School of Ettlingen) and the Finance Institute of the county occupied the buildings until 1936. Then the Nazi government, defying the Versailles Treaty, rebuilt a strong army and moved her troops into the border zone once more. Troops of the 109th Infantry Regiment of the 14th Army Corps were stationed in the widely enlarged installation. Most of the outfits were machine gun companies and the buildlings of the Motor Pool served as stables since many of the units of the German Army were not motorized. During World War II several other outfits were also billeted in the Kaserne.

New industries have been added to the town in this century: the Huttenkreuz Brewery, best known to the GIs does not employ more than 40 workmen, but the Lorenz Maschine factory, famous for its precision work has 600 workers. By far the largest number are employed in the spinning mills (about 2000 when in full production) but many of these workers do not live in the town itself. With the destruction of factories in the bigger cities during the war, these factories have assumed a far reaching national importance which the small city government is eager to maintain.

At the present, it's to the good fortune of Ettlingen that the Autobahn (the double lane superhighway connecting the big German cities) has an uncompleted trunk ending into the narrow road two miles south of Ettlingen and inviting many travellers to a night's rest. Completely rebuilt and

enlarged after the war, the Hotel Erbprinz has become famous throughout southwestern Germany. It has been and is presently the meeting place for many economic and scientific conventions.

During the past few years memories of this town have been carried to America by more than 2000 Displaced Persons who were housed in the Rhineland Kaserne from 1946 to 1950. Several hundred, especially refugees from Czechoslovakia, have resettled in Ettlingen and have been absorbed into the local economy. Thus now in 1952 Ettlingen has 4,636 families with 15,656 residents. About 4,000 of them live crowded into the zone encircled by the city wall and measuring only 3 acres. That is three times the population density of Manhattan Island. The entire population, living in the closely grouped city and in two compact housing developments to the south, uses only 8% of the county area for homes and streets. 74% is occupied by woods, 18% by farmland. Of the farmland, a half is for fields, a third for grazing and the remainder for orchards and gardens. Many trees, mostly apple, plum and cherry trees are planted in the middle of the fields, which, for ownership purposes, are divided into strips not wider than 6 to 9 yards and connected only by narrow paths to the few rural roads.

This is just a piece of land like many another and as manifold as the mosaic of exterior appearance is its history. People try to make a living, inclining themselves to the possibilities given them by age old earth shifts and changing economical and political circumstances.

The author wishes to thank the members of the City Council of Ettlingen, the Office for travel and the Institute of Statistics, Dr. F. A. Bran of the Ettlinger Zeitung, and Prof. Bissinger of the Hindenburg Realgymnasium; and especially, Prof. Karl and Miss Irene Baier, for their generous cooperation. And for the material furnished for the compilation of this study.

E M



C L U B

SFC LUTHER W. BRANCH

On October 1st, 1951, the Rheinland Kaserne EM Club was officially opened, with ceremonies in which Col. John R. Sharp cut the tape, and became the clubs first customer. From that time on, "Meet you at the club", has become a byword with the men of the Kaserne.

From a rather slow beginning, the club, and its reputation have grown, until now you are likely to find the tables well filled, be it the night before payday, or the night after. Sgt. John Satterfield was the club's first manager, and an extremely efficient one we might add. Under his management, the club stayed out of the red from the beginning, even though at times, the customers were few and far between. Finally though Sgt. Satterfield thought he might have to return to the States, and SFC Luther W. Branch assumed responsibilities in December of 1951. Sgt Branch has been with us ever since, and has proven himself time and again, to be a fine "chef".



M/Sgt. Orion V. Thompson, our first Sgt., Sgt. John Satterfield, first manager of the club, Erich "Pop" Gossenberger, who tends bar, and Sgt. Willie Young.



Only two members of the original combo remain at the club. Pfc. Joe Cinderella on Guitar (not shown) and Cpl. Bob Henderson on the drums. New additions are Dieter Mehrens and Werner Gutmann.



If you were the bartender, this is the view of the club that would be most familiar to you.



Upon entering from the east door, you will probably be greeted with a sight like this.  
Don't leave, there's always room for one more.

## Ready to Serve You!



Elfriede Shaetzle, Erich "Pop" Gossenberger, Felix Feuereis, and Erich Schiller.

Ever since the first night, music has been provided by a Combo known as the "Rhythm Stylists". These boys also do a radio show over AFN Stuttgart each Wednesday at 1300 hrs. Floorshows too, have been provided occasionally on Saturday nights, not to mention Bingo every Monday and Wednesday at 2100 hrs. Yes, for it's size, the club offers a really wide range of entertainment fo the EM's off duty relaxation, and enjoyment. Lets continue to support it as we have in the past. Remember, it's there just for you.



I don't care what you say  
Yarrish, S-3 said this  
IS A ROAD MARCH!

# THE SECOND FRONT

by Cpl Elliot Berelson

Up at 5 to bed at nine, a shot in the arm to start you fine, Fall in, Hike, Hike, first squad to the rear harch, second squad to the rear Harch, Harch, Harch! What a heck of a way to make a living. And what an outfit!!! There is always that so called S-3 section, scheming what can we do to irritate the troops a little more, they will appreciate the training when the Kreig comes, be prepared that's our motto. And so on that very eventful day, that Friday that we all looked forward to, (of course everyone knew what was coming two weeks in advance) that super special restricted OP order came down, and the cry of we're moving out, came to us through the able voices of four Master Sergeants and the First Sergeant. "Load em up" they said, so we did. "Take all the TO&E equipment" they cried. So after the strenuous effort was made to hide most of the stuff, we left in a cloud, of what I cannot say, all I know is that it could not have been with less fanfare than the coronation.

It was about 1600hrs (4:00 PM to newcomers) when we passed the IP (Irritation Point) and headed for our old bivouac area. The weather was beautiful; the Gods of Rain, Snow, Wind, and any other miserable thing that could possibly be, were pulling for us. By the time we reached our area of operation the ground was nice and damp, and refreshingly inviting to pup tents. I still remember the efficient way in which we parked our vehicles. Follow that jeep the man said, and we did. Lo and behold we ended up following the tail of our own Convoy. "Ingenious" said someone, who was immediately given an ax and told to go construct a latrine. After the men settled themselves, the first thing that was put up was the Officers Tent (club) and the CP. By this time good old Brother Johnson pulled up his truck, DPs and so called cooks, (all six ton drivers) and commenced to produce the usual shoe leather and Kartoffels. It wasn't bad though, and as he stated it was a very binding supper. Of course, you understand that is the reason the PX was sold out of all canned goods and crackers before we left. At about this point you could hear the very able voice of the Motor Officer above the rest of the noise, quote, "Get the other ..... 5 KW Generator down here. How do you expect to get all this work in Headquarters done tonight. Schnell, Schnell.

Lets go, come on what's taking so long?" (Who does he think he is kidding. We all saw the cribbage boards, transoceanic radio, and other supplies going into that haven of warmth.) Get the stove someone cried. Cuttilli, that's a good man, just the right size and weight, here shimmy up the tent and put the stove pipe up like a good kid, huh! So looking a couple of bars, leafs and buttercups in the eye who was he to say no. With undying heroism, he did his duty. At that point the generator was started, the lights went on in the house of joy, and blackout conditions were put into effect in the area.

As the darkness closed in from all directions, it was noted that excellent camouflage conditions had been procured by most of the troops. In fact their positions could not even be spotted, not one pup tent could be found, rumors as they go, had it that there was a plot to move the company after some hours had gone by. While all this finagling was going on it was noticed, that some one hundred feet from the CP, the aristocracy of the company were enjoying themselves in the S-4 Squad Tent. This was the tent where the work of the drafting room, and operations was to be done. Due to some changes by various people it turned out to be the hot air club convening. At one corner of the tent, we found the quiet ones snoring peacefully, while one the other end we found the invention of the ages, an oil stove. No one knew how the darned thing worked and everyone was passing the buck. There were coils of tubing, fuel pumps, carburetors, oil cans, and Sgt Petty.

Irregardless of how warm it was, I can assure you, it was not from the stove. In the few hours that we were in that Utopia, we had crossed the Rhine with Sgt Petty six times, and had been in at least two dozen fox holes with Sgt Boling. Just as we were about to cross the Rhine again, it happened; Sgt Van Horn came in with 24 maps, 2 candles, a flashlight and Sgt Carter. Get the jeep, he said, we are going on a mission. About two minutes later the pleasant sweet voice of the First mule could be heard resounding through the woods; "STRIKE EM," "LOAD UP." To the surprise of everyone the tents came down quickly, and were loaded without too much effort. In the background we could hear the ever familiar voice asking in a very polite manner "PUT THOSE G + X f★\$%§ LIGHTS OUT!" 5 minutes later another voice came through the Holocaust "CRANK EM UP, TURN EM ON." Oh, how I wish they would make up their minds. Dear John, she wrote, that's all, I sent your saddle home, and so we headed up the Autobahn in beautiful convoy fashion. Then came the cutoff! Yes, the cutoff: I don't know who the culprit was but he cutoff, and we saw half the convoy going down the Autobahn. Come home, dear children, we shouted, and all shall be forgiven. And so they did. As we reached the rendevous, there was a sudden feeling that gripped us, I wish I could have gripped it back. We all put our lights out, and crept up bumper to bumper. Sh, sh, no noise now, we are going to set up a line of resistance. Without further adieu I will state at this point, that the Adjutant was captured, the convoy decapitated, and the Krieg was over. Everybody was tired and we all went home to go to bed. The moral of this story is.

If you are a member of S-3 Section, pick a good night to have a problem. Or you too may end up like Sgt SMYT.



# Two Cents Worth

(for what it's worth)

by Cpl. Bob Henderson

Seems as though everyone except yours truly has put in a few cracks about field problems, road marches, and nightmares, so not to be outdone, here's my two cents worth. Not to mention any names — who was the little spectacled character, affectionately known as "Duck", who complained so long and loud on the way up the hill during that last road march? Hmmmmmm- too much something or other!! Then of course there was a certain redhead from the S-3 section who drug himself up the hill as if he were breathing his last breath, but when a camera appeared on the scene, he bounded up full of energy shouting "Hey; take my picture, I'm a combat soldier — see — I've got my combat boots on!" Lens bog! .....



COMBAT SOLDIERS ??



Three men and a ????



Whatsa matter Mel, tired er sumpn?



The Hill



Sick 'em' Rover



Over the t.... Hey Yarrish, who are you trying to kid with that shiny helmet?



Anybody know where we are ???

# Off We Go

by Cpl. Bob Henderson

The last of May, 1951, found the 77th moving out, bag and baggage to a small town in the French Zone called Baumholder. The job included removal of rubble, construction of a tent city, a tank trail of over three miles length, numerous hardstands and parking areas and a number of smaller projects. The job was completed in three months and on August 31st we returned to Ettlingen once again.

Since then detachments have been sent out to such places as Heidelberg, to revamp the airstrip; Pirmasens, for the construction of warehouses; and of course the Rifle Range right here in Ettlingen. A few pictures from these projects are included in the following pages. There have been many, many, jobs which are not covered in these pages, but it would take a complete book to cover them alone. It can be said of each and every one of these that, — they were "well done". Being limited in space we'll have to let it go at that.



When the 2nd Armored moved in at dear old Baumholder, they found this tent city waiting for them, constructed, naturally, by the 77th.



Four dozers, dressing down a hardstand at  
BAUMHOLDER



Sgt. Ruble and his shovel  
BAUMHOLDER



Sam Sharpe herdin' his tournapul  
BAUMHOLDER



Remember Pelky and Tripp?  
BAUMHOLDER



Bee-Bop, Oscar Davis, Sgt. Murillo

For a while we had it made, way down there in Baumholder. We even ate in a real, honest to goodness, mess hall. Then came the MESS tents—remember them?

Of course they weren't *too* bad, that is unless you were built like Cox or Pelky. I can still see them, hunched up, sweating over that chow, — it got hotter than blue blazes in those fool tents — but the chow was good, so we really didn't have much to complain about.





Gallagher takes a look. (through his transit)  
HEIDELBERG



The Heidelberg airstrip nearly complete "A good job, well done"



One of the warehouses our boys at Pirmasens are building. Snow and freezing weather weren't bad enough, but when the spring thaw came, the mud got so deep that the "cats" spent most of their time pulling other equipment out of holes. The warehouse above is about half complete, and in the shot below is the same building, almost finished. Get a load of those trusses. (And the mud).





Finally after much trial and tribulation, the rifle range was finished, and the day came for the inspection by Colonel Graham, KMSP Commander (second from left, upper photo). He was well impressed with the job and personally congratulated M/Sgt. Jasper Catalana and all concerned on a fine piece of work. The lower photo shows the range, looking from the 500 yard firing line.



# The 77th

by Ignatius Schumacher

I make no bones about it  
The 77th is quite an outfit.  
  
With men and boys in every rank  
Some tall, some short, some lean and lank  
  
With a job to do — they never pause  
They work with a will for the cause  
  
They tackle work in heavy construction  
With dozer and turnapul overcome obstruction  
  
No job too small, they'll do for fun  
Yet a job to do is a job well done  
  
With day quite over and time for play  
They'll drink their beer or join the fray  
  
Some gamble with cards, some with dice  
While others write letters to girl or wife  
  
Some to nearby towns will go  
To see the frauleins or to a show  
  
In Beerhall or gasthaus, they fall in line  
To drink a Cognac, Steinhager, beer or wine  
  
Nothing too good for these bold men  
They drink with the best and order again  
  
Then back to billets and off to bed  
To sleep it off till day dawns red  
  
In memory of their deeds, I write this poem  
Because for a short time the 77th was home



Photographers note: This page is made up of pictures taken at Christmas time. The lower two, as you can see, were at the party we held for underprivileged German children. The two fatherly looking characters, of course, are "Papa" Born and "Daddy" Fishburn.



Prost ! !



Everyone was there, even King

Christmas 1951, found the 77th enjoying a party (Holiday brawl) in the Rheinland Theatre. The Christmas spirit was flowing freely, and a good time was had by all; especially the photographer.



He does not dress that way! It's just the costume for his comedy routine



The cooks, coached by Sgt. Brown, really did themselves proud



Lonely Ed?



Oh yeah? who said that about the Giants?



He's dancing?



Hey, look at the coach



Aw c'mon Sgt. Johnson, face the camera



Gee, they look happy!!



Merry Chrishmus!

The party broke up about 3 A. M. (no bed check) and everyone went home satisfied with a gay evening. Here's to bigger and better one's just like it.

# OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF LINEAGE AND BATTLE HONORS

STATUS: Active

DESIGNATION: 77th ENGINEER CONSTRUCTION BATTALION  
COMPONENT AND STATE: RA

CONSTITUTION: Parent unit constituted as 341st Engineer Regiment (General Service) 29 July 1921 and allotted to Organized reserves.

HISTORY: Withdrawn from Organized Reserves 1 October 1933 and allotted to the Regular Army. Activated 10 March 1942 at Fort Ord, California.

Redesignated 341st Engineer General Service Regiment, 1 August 1942

Inactivated 22 March 1946 at Fort Belvoir, Virginia

Redesignated 48th Engineer General Service Regiment, 30 Jan 1947.

1st Battalion redesignated 77th Engineer Construction Battalion, 9 May 1949.

Activated at Sendai, Honshu Japan.

Inactivated 15 March 1950 at Kisarazu, Honshu, Japan

Activated 5 July 1950 at Mannheim, Germany.

## BATTLE HONORS:

### *World War II*

Normandy

Northern France

Ardennes-Alsace

Central Europe

Rhineland

AUTHORITIES: AG 320.2 Org Res (21 Jul 21), 29 Jul 21.

AG 320.2 (16 Aug 33).

AG 320.2 (16 Feb 42) MR-M-C, 24 Feb 42; GO 31, WDC & Fourth Army, 5 Mar 42; Cmt No. 2, Orgn Reds Br, AGO, St. Louis, Mo. 9 Febr 1949. Chg 1, T/O 5—21 (1 Aug 42)

AG 322 (4 Mar 46) OB-I-SPM OU-M, 7 Mar 46; ltr, Ft Belvoir, Va., 25 Mar 46.

AGAO-I (30 Jan 47) -M, 30 Jan 47

AGAO-I 322 (28 Apr 49) CSGOT-M, 9 May 1949.

Ibid.; GO 69, Eight Army, 17 May 1949.

AGAO-I 322 (16 Feb 50) CSGPA-M, 14 Mar 1950; GO 53, Hq, Eight Army, 4 Mar 1950.

AGAO-I 320.2 (4 Mar 50) Gl-M, 24 May 1950; Ltr, Hq, US Army, EUROPE, AG 322 GOT-AGO, 16 Jul 50; GO 5 Hq, Engineer Division, USA, Europe, 23 Jun 1950.

GO 102, WD, 1945

GO 103, WD, 1945

GO 63, D/A, 1948

GO 116, WD, 1945

GO 118, WD, 1945

GO 18, WD, 1943; GO 39, D/A 1948.

## UNIT DECORATIONS:

Meritorious Unit Streamer Embroidered AMERICAN THEATER

JEB/jj/170ct 49/revised 21 Sept 1950

## COAT OF ARMS FOR THE 77th ENGINEER CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

1. The coat of arms approved for the 341st regiment Engineers, Organized Reserves, by letter from the Adjutant General's Office, 14 August 1925 (AG 424.5 Coats of Arms (3—19—25) Miscl.) and redesignated as the coat of arms for the 341st Engineer Regiment, General Service, by letter from the Adjutant General's Office, 12 August 1942 (SPX 421.7 341st Engr. Regt. (8—12—42) LO) is further redesignated as the coat of arms for the 77th Engineer Construction Battalion and amended by removal of the crest of the Organized Reserves.

2. The blazonry and description are as follows:

SCHILD: Per fess gules and argent, a pine tree eradicated simillary tinctured of the second (argent) and vert.

CREST: None.

MOTTO: Loyalty and Service.

## DESCRIPTION

The shield is red (gules) and white (argent), the Engineer Colors. The pine tree, the symbol of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, is symbolic of the location (Boston) of headquarters of the unit when it was first constituted. The tree is green (Vert) and white (argent), making it appear that the Green tree is laden with snow. The lower half of the shield is symbolic of a snowy field.

*Autographs:*





